

Algiers Mission Band.



A Tour Algiers

Journal - Winter Number 1916-17

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.
Stations 1916-17.

Date of opening.	Algiers.		Country.
1888.	Headquarters.	1901.	Blida.
1906.	Dar Naama.	1909.	Relizane.
1909.	Beit Naama.	1909.	Miliana.
1911.	Dar el Fedjr.	1912.	Mascara.
	1913.	Touzer.	

* * * * *

Sec. for Prayer-helpers, Mr J. H. Smeeton, 2, Rue du Croissant, Algiers

Council of Reference. London.

Mr & Mrs Stuart Trotter.	Broomfield Lodge, Chelmsford.
Sir H. & Lady Proctor.	16, Queens Gardens, Lancaster Gate.
Rev. S. W. & Mrs Howe.	St. Lukes Vicarage, C.E. Finchley.

* * * * *

Algerian Women's Mission Band. America.

Mrs T. A. Walker, S.S. Asso. 2300 Dexter Street, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

* * * * *

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Members on the Field - Winter 1916-1917.

Date of arrival.

1888	I. Lilius Trotter.	1909	Alice McIlroy.
"	B. G. L. Haworth.	1911	Ida Nash.
1890	F. Helen Freeman.	"	*Mary Freeman.
1906	Sascha Perkin.	1912	J. H. Smeeton.
"	Alexandrine Gayral.	"	Nellie Smeeten.
1907	Mabel Grautoff.	"	Laura Carr.
"	May Ridley.	"	S. Soler.
1909	F. K. Currie.	"	*Grace Russell.
"	Millicent Roche.	1914	Mme. Arnaud.
"	Alma Krebs.	"	A. M. Farmer.
"	*Mary Watling.	1917	Kathleen Butler.

*on long furlough.

* * * * *

Short Service Hostel.

Alma Krebs (1909) in charge. Kathleen Butler. Frances Brittle.

* * * * *

October 10th.

We ought, according to original plans, to be off to Egypt as soon as the Rally is over, i.e., in another ten days. We have not yet, however, any answer to our application for permits to land there.

Dar Naama.

The Rally, like all else, is in a much reduced state this year. Our A.M.B. Staff is lessened by three away on long furlough from health reasons and another, Clare Menzell, left us in the summer with a view to taking up nursing work, which she felt was her original call, while "Short Service" this year has one solitary representative in the person of Frances Brittle.

Our one recruit for the thinned ranks, and she is a welcome one, comes however from "Short Service" reserves, in the person of its Hon. Sec. from its earlier days, Kathleen Butler. She comes out next week as a permanent member of our staff, for which thanksgiving goes to God, all the more that the gift comes at a time like this. For it looks as if it would be another winter, taking it all round, of holding on rather than of going forward. These long drawn out days of small things need a persistence of spirit that can only come from the God of patience. - There are special dangers too that surround them. - There was a paragraph the other day in one of the papers that just defined it in its earthly aspect, i.e. that the risk of a protracted time of enforced inaction lies in its producing a dull mechanical spirit, a shrinking from taking the offensive. "You can wage a war that way" it ended, "but you cannot win it."

October 21st.

The Rally has come and gone, and the outposts are scattered, mostly in reduced force, to their stations. - May Ridley is the first to report news. She writes: "On Saturday came 31 babies, all old ones and most well

"behaved. One of my greatest joys is that I can leave them quite alone if ne-
"cessary, and find them sitting like statues on my return instead of a hub-
"bub, they take a pride in this. I gave them the story of Adam and Eve yeste-
"day, and to-day illustrated on the blackboard with colours, an apple, a ser-
"pent, an eye, and an ear, to shew how Satan finds an entrance. Today I had
"a time alone with Aisha. She tells me she kept Ramadan, but to Christ and
"not to Mohammed. So then her neighbours did not know. She said if only she
"were in another place where she was not known she could witness. In spite
"of having kept Ramadan she has not grown stony, but seems very living and
"very unhappy over her lack of courage. I find she and Sadia have not only
"read all the hymns in their blue Sunday books but can say most of them by
"heart."

October 26th.

Mabel Grantoff writes from Miliana: "I began a letter to you before sup-
"per but under difficulties, for three little kindergarteners were standing
"round my knee in great excitement to see the ink run and let the dolls see
"also. Now they have had their little hymn 'Ya Yasoua or Raies Saleh' and
"their prayer and are asleep in their beds. -- Such dear wee people, I want
"to introduce you to them."

So it seems as if it were with the "Suffer the little children" that we
begin this time in seeking to carry forward the frontiers of the Kingdom of
Heaven.

October 30th.

Alas, Beualom senior never puts in an appearance, and the only way of
seeing him is to go to his house in his dinner hour. In his shop he is on
thorns if one speaks to him, at home he is his old cordial bright spoken
self, and his spirit seems gentle and true, though somewhat drowsy. I think

today's visit got to the root of the trouble, so far as the external circumstances go. We never could make out why he must get his leather from Si Aissa, and thus be under the conditions the latter imposes as to keeping his shop open on Sunday, for he, Boualem, keeps aloof from his brother and his offers in other ways. Now it comes out that it is because now in wartime no one else will give him credit, and as he has only worked up his shop by inches, with no capital, he has no ready money to pay. - A solution came to me as we talked, in the possibility of his doing overtime work in the leather purses, book covers, etc, in which he excels, keeping the proceeds till he has a sum that would enable him to be independent in his purchases of stock, (£4 or £5 would do it), and it is far better that he should wait for a freedom that he has fought for than to step quickly and easily into any cheaper deliverance that we could provide. He rose to the thought. "That would break the chain" he said, with the old gleam in his eyes. I believe we have the clue at last.

Nov. 5th.

Blind Aissa is one of this year's strategical points in the fight, as is evinced by the curious happenings that surround his path. One such took place in the summer at Dar Naama. In his irresistible love of fingering everything he caught his hand in a waterwheel while the donkey was turning it, and narrowly escaped entirely crushing the bone of his thumb. As it was he fainted with the pain - to use his words "Something ran up my arm to my heart and killed me," and it was a month before he could begin to use his hand again. But the curious thing is that he told us after it happened - "Abdelkader said to me before I came up here 'If you come back with your two hands as they are you are right in breaking the fast, but if one hand is hurt I am right!'" These things prey on his mind, with many questions such as belong to



The Master of the House
— a design by
F. A. [unclear]

the investigating powers of a growing lad. We feel it is a phase he has to go through.

Meanwhile there are signs of grace working in his heart. He told Sascha today a story of his experiences that made us glad. "I wanted to tell a lie to the other workmen" he said, (we think it must have been some cock and bull story that he had invented) I made it beautiful and yet more beautiful, and Satan said 'tell it just this once, you need not do it again', it burned in my throat to tell, but I held my peace and spat at Satan thrice. The master asked what I was doing. I told him Satan was with me!"

Nov. 11th.

Such a number of dear boys are coming now on Sundays and Thursdays, and the same ones back again and again instead of the drifters of last year. Exercise books into which we paste their precious chalked pictures week by week are a great help in this - another of Blidas suggestions. It is only after the third attendance that the loose copies are received and honoured by a receipt, so that one can often recognise a newcomer in the street by his doffing his fez (the Moslem boy's habitual hiding place) & revealing a crumpled bit of paper bearing the design of the last class. So deep ingrained is the love of form and colour with them that its attraction has never failed during the ten years or more since F.H.F. invented its use as an economical form of reward for attendance. Now, following modern theories of "expression" their chalking once a week on the subject of the week's lesson. Overleaf is a specimen of an outline, which they fill up with all the tints of a true native colour scheme:

Nov. 14th.

Sascha Perkin has been trying, vainly as yet, to get her mountain children back to Algiers. News comes in a round-about way that our beloved ~~Moussa~~

is going on with his reading, and that Miriam reads with a taleb, and that El Anes is like a halouf (a pig) she cannot read at all. Dear El Anes, she is as Sascha Parkin says, much more like a gazelle!

Nov. 15th.

A sudden storm cloud has loomed up round blind Aisse. A great taleb from his tribe has come down to Algiers on business. "My brother works on his property" the boy explained tonight, "he is a very rich man, he has sheep like dust: he says my brother wants me and that the khalifa will make me come. He questioned about Ramadan and where I spent it and where I kept it. I did not say much to him. But he told me that if I leave Islam he will cut me in pieces and throw me into the sea and the Devil will eat me. But that if I go back to my brother all will be well: they will give me good clothes, & my brother will bury me when I die, or else I shall bury him." We talked to him again this evening (the term is set for tomorrow,) for the man goes off by the night train) We asked him should we hide him. "No", he answered, "you must not hide me. The man said if I hid he would find me, even if it were in the sea. I must go & meet him the hour & place he appointed for my answer and see what happens. I see not that I can do otherwise than go. I gave him my word that I would think over my answer and bring it to him.

Nov. 19th.

Sunday is safely over. We felt we could not urge the boy to take cover, though the step was a risky one in his helplessness. God's shield was over him: the taleb was engrossed over some bargaining & hardly heeded when Aisse stepped up and said "I mean to stay here," prudently he then slipped away again, and we hope the taleb has by now left the town.

Nov. 23rd.

This morning brings news that our pillar of cloud "abides" for our per-

mits to land in Egypt cannot be granted. We are not altogether sorry, for, with the increasing prospect of a huge upheaval of war forces in the spring it looked a bit ominous whether, starting so late, we might get caught fast there before our work was done, and the choice of spending the summer there or returning via the Cape, would have been awkward.-We have a fresh batch of material on hand that we had meant to take with us, and the next thing will be to finish it off and send it. I should specially be glad of prayer over the two specimen copies of a "Little Book" series. The title pages & headings are from designs of Mabel Grautoff's. The first one is "A Little Book of the Last Things" - passages from Revelation. One feels they are just written for the Arabs - the ineffable purity of God's Heaven, & the thunder of His Judgment on those who are unfit to enter.

Nov. 25th.

Blida writes:- "You would have rejoiced today to see the schoolgirls in the few minutes after the class, 14 of them wrote the sentence in Romanized letters, describing the picture they had coloured. If we get many more girls I don't quite know what we shall do. There are 98 on the register now and I have crossed off heaps of irregulars. We are having two dear little girls every day just now for a sort of half time convalescent home, ill mainly for want of proper food, they are coming for a week to breakfast, to spend the morning and lunch, and a little girl from a nice house who is not allowed to go to school, is coming every morning. Tata (the girl helper) is splendid. We do feel grateful for her. She is beginning to read so nicely. The work develops itself on different lines every year. This year it is giving several children a special chance who didn't get it before. I am thinking of having some of these bigger girls in twos or threes to coffee, perhaps after the Thursday class, most are young monkeys of course, but some

"are such sweet girls."

Dec. 13th.

To our joy things look as if they were clearing towards Tozeur, for, contrary to last year's news, we hear from Tunis that travelling and residence in the interior are freely allowed, though the holding of meetings would still probably be under the ban. It is more than good if we can but get there and pray and glean such chances as can be ventured without compromising our standing there for future days. - It is with a sense of relief that we can stretch our stiffened souls as it were for a bit of action.

Dec. 16th.

Sascha Perkin is at Miliana for a few days. She writes:- "Mabel is working very hard, specially over medical visiting, which she does so thoroughly. One case is a child with a burn on its face involving one eye, the nose, mouth and chin, almost two thirds of the face and both hands are burnt. It was brought home four days after the accident, so you can imagine the state it was in. It had been anointed with bramble leaves and tortoise shell, burnt and pounded together and mixed with grease, not at all such a bad remedy, for it would be essentially a charcoal ointment."

Dec. 19th.

The secret of Aissa's moodiness and refusal to come to the meeting of late, has been brought to light, he told all about it today. "I did not know what had come to me, I was all the time angry with you all, and I longed with a great longing to go back to my home, and when I started to go to the meetings my feet did not like to move, and a dark cloud seemed to come over me, and when I got there it was as though I heard nothing. At last I told a barber down in the town about it, and he said I was drugged, so I told him about the taleb and he asked if he had given me anything to eat or drink. I said

nothing but a sfenge (a halfpenny batter cake) which he had divided between himself and me and a small boy. But the barber said that explained it."

Poor lad, he had felt ill after that sfenge, and of course, blind as he is, he had no proof that the others had partaken. Behind whatever drug it contained there lies also doubtless the hypnotism in which these Moslems are adepts - the man had willed him away from us and from the meetings and off to his own land, and therefore did not trouble himself to force him to go with him. Thank God for the shielding that has been about him, unknown to him and to us, keeping him with us still.

Dec. 27th.

A beautiful War story came today from F.H.F., who is still in England. She writes: "The other day the Scotch minister in Marylebone was asked to visit a wounded soldier in the hospital, when he heard his name he said 'That is the man I never could get hold of; when I went to see him, he would get through the window & down the rain pipe! His wife & his daughter listened, but he never.' As the minister entered the hospital ward the man saw him & called out, 'Oh Mr Roch, the Lord has been very good to me' & as he came up to the bed he said, 'I am the happiest man in the world. I have lost both my legs, but what does that matter, my Saviour has found me!' Then he told him how he had been so wounded in the battle, and his comrades were carrying him on a stretcher. He was suffering horribly when suddenly he felt as if something had happened, and opening his eyes he saw the Lord Jesus who touched him & said 'I had to do this, you would not listen to me any other way' and He smiled at him and passed away, & ever since then the man's whole soul had been filled with peace & joy. It was the Scotch minister himself who told Colonel Oldham, who told Mr Campbell, who told us." Behind the story lies, "it may be, the clue to all the mystery against which many a soul is beating

With the cry "To what purpose is this waste of agony all around?" - We forget the cost of the War in one place - the cost of it to "the tender heart of Jesus Christ"; and we do not hear His words "I could do it no other way"

And so the old year goes out tonight; will the next bring peace? Will it bring the Lord of Peace Himself?

Blida, January 1st 1917.

New Year's Day dawns at Blida, with almond blossoms and huge celandines, telling that Spring lies behind all the knotted shells of the winter buds, & the ashly boughs of the figtrees.

Alma Krebs writes:- "The boys' class yesterday was such a joy - 56 of them in pouring rain sitting round the court as we could not have them on the mat, they were so good and quiet at the painting, not a word about "Bonne Annee" or wanting presents."

Blida Jan. 6th.

The Mouloud (Mohammed's birthday) and the Epiphany, of all incongruous feasts: It is the worst of all times to reach the people, like working in poison gas while it lasts and for long after. We need to cry "Breathe on me Breath of God" to keep even our own souls awake and alert. That Breath has come to me just now through a dream! In it I was speaking with an Arab and began telling him of Christ and His Salvation; the man leant forward and said in a voice of intense earnestness "That is what I want to know" Three times over the same thing happened with others in the same street, and I awoke with a cry of joy - "The thirst has begun." The fragrance of the dream abides, and we have the sense that any day that same Breath of God may accomplish it - the true Epiphany to them.

Our time here has been with a view to getting off a batch of material to

Egypt before starting for Tozeur, including a set of illustrations for a 3 part story of B.G.L.H.'s on "The Daybreak that is coming." Our start now only awaits the return of F.H.F.

Algiers, Jan. 11th.

Relizane goes on with ups and downs - the last "up" was a real victory of grace in Aisha in going to ask forgiveness (contrary to all Arab usage) of a younger woman with whom she had quarrelled. The "down" in the same letter was the sudden collapse of May's kindergarten class, as the children have been told she is collecting them to train them as soldiers (the "drill" I suppose!) and send them to France. However, as before the scare will subside again.

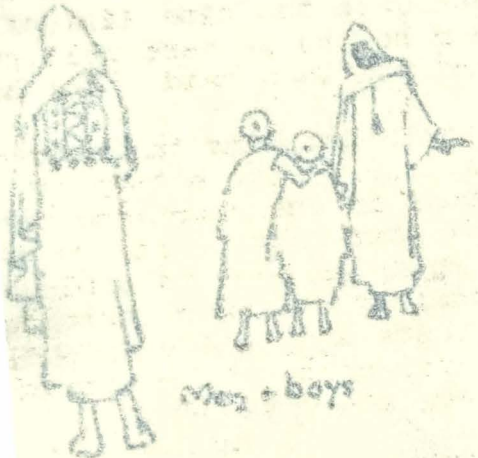
Mascara too has been having a time of buffetings of various kinds, through which two new Spanish souls, a lad & a girl, both about 16, have come brightly into God's Kingdom. And Sahaoui holds on like a good soldier; he and his son, amid many fears, collect the little Arab lads for Mr Soler's class from the native quarter across the ravine, and march them in. This means a good deal of growing courage, for which we thank God.

Tunis, Jan. 27th.

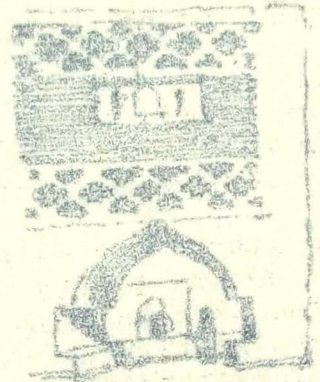
Five days here, with many vicissitudes as to whether we should be allowed South, as Tozeur is on the borders of the military zone. - It was a case of praying our way through, step by step, with a long half-hour's suspense at the police Bureau, where the final "Yes" or "No" would be given. At last an official appeared and asked "When do you want to go?" and in five minutes more the longed for safeconducts were in our hands.

Tozeur, Feb. 4th.

Another few days en route at Kairouan, (the holiest, in Arab eyes, of all North African cities) where we rejoiced in the knitting with the Shorts of the N.A.M., who have bravely held on there in the patience of hope for 14



Mom + boys



Special Archway
(near Torgian, Russia etc.)



Sitting eggs



Abraham + Mrs. Nagold etc.
In their "house" under the stairs.



A suburb

Scenes of Torgian

years. - And here we are - hardly yet able to believe it for joy!

8 p.m. on Friday found us in the little joggling train, in which we were apparently the only representatives of womenkind. The sun was up in time to shew the wonderful gorge-gateway to the desert, then came the blue line of far off palms and the greetings from one and another before we were well out of the station. "We have waited for you each winter" the lads said, "and have asked 'will they not come?'"

The hotel where we meant to stay a day or two while settling in, proved closed, so we came straight to our own little house, turned out a bevy of cocks and hens and 3 gazelles who were holding bivouac in the court and proceeded to bivouac in their place, getting a lad from next door to rid us of the piled up sand that smothered everything, and camping as best we could. We were helped in our discovery of needful wherewithal by a former house boy, who had been there when all was put away, nearly 3 years ago, and could tell where everything was to be found. He came really Heaven-sent, and we wrestled through till by night all was habitable for Sunday and its visitors.

Sunday.

It has been a joyful day: "Ma Negeddshe", the tiny, bright-eyed mouse-like boy, who was a special friend last time, was introduced to B.G.L.H. yesterday, outside the empty hotel, and was our first visitor this morning, succeeded by a crew of his friends. One of these presented us with a diminutive feather "with a good smell" and a green glass ring! Another produced a plate-full of dates out of the sleeve pouches of his jebba, bless him!

Feb. 10th.

It is mostly boys who come at present, now a group of little ones under ten, whom we have relegated to special hours on Sundays & Thursdays, or we should be overrun by them - then a set of growing lads in their early teens -

now again tall fellows who are men in all but their lighthearted eagerness: but always with the one demand "We want to read" - "We want to hear" Two of the older ones asked us to their homes today, their own and that of a relation all three in one of the labyrinths of over-arched streets, where the patterned brickwork gleams out in relief against the shadowy depths of brown, wherever a sunshaft strikes. In the first house we had a listening, though the women's minds are dark as their dwellings, in the other two houses they were chattering and discursive.

Feb. 14th.

The days are full, blessedly full, from morning till night. B.G.L.H.'s household helper is an imp of ten, grubby beyond words, extremely cute, he curls himself up on the sand and goes to sleep when the remainder of the work is beyond his powers. All day till teatime little groups come to read: After that, we have to shut the door on them and get to "salvage work" till dusk, for each shelf, cupboard and box has to be systematically turned out after its near 3 years of staying shut up, and every article brushed, carbolized, washed or burned as the case may be. The ravages of the queer little unbeknown devourers that infest them are wonderfully limited, however, all things considered. Whenever a spare hour comes before sunset, we explore round the town to see if any other house is available, for this one in its uninhabited condition, has become dilapidated to the last degree. Nothing hitherto has appeared, however, that can compare with it for convenience or for possibilities. And I am glad that it is an ancient fondouk (i.e. inn for man & beast): an Eastern fondouk is a very sacred place!

Feb. 25th.

There are souls that go further than reading and listening: We have had among the visitors, one and another, men & lads, with a deeper sense of sin

than I have ever seen out here before. "We are full of sin - full, we need a ransom" has broken from one after another with the sense of a pent up longing that has at last found expression. They are words of music from Moslem lips. The seekers are unknown to each other, and they differ in age and education and standing; they are alike in the one cry out of the darkness for the Dayspring from on High. It has been a foretaste of the fulfilment of that Epiphany dream!

Tozeur is Tozeur still, the old Tozeur of 22 years ago with its eager souls. Even the lads come day after day with an untiring desire to hear, in spite of many rebuffs when they come noisily and clamour at the door.

For our visitors are not all saints by any means. There is a troublesome gang among those of medium size, headed by a tall thin lad who is irrepressibly naughty, and buzzes round like a tiresome fly except when mercifully shut up in school!

March 1st.

Salvage work is through, and no other possible house lies on the horizon, so we are beginning these days the needful repairs for making this place tidy again. B.G.L.H. has further plans wherewith to surprise Alma Krebs if she can get through to us, which she is now putting to the test as an escort will be available shortly. - Whitewash within and without and a rough native cement for the floors are the first steps towards tidiness.

Workmen about the place all day make it difficult to find a quiet corner for readers: but the lads beg so earnestly to come, that we have not the heart to refuse them, even if the only available place for them is on the stone seats that line the deep entrance arch within the doorway. It looks like a bit of the answer coming out here to our prayer (over the literature question) for the boy-life of the land, a bit of the drawing wherewith the Son of Man

has promised to draw to Himself - making itself felt on their hearts, just at their most impressionable age: for there is no attraction on the human side to account for their untiring listening. And surely all this drinking in of God's light will break out sooner or later into a work of His power. The dry palm fronds that we use for kindling preach that sermon day by day:- a stray flicker at first, setting on fire here a strand and there a strand, & suddenly a blaze of radiance, sweeping up in a tornado of flame all the brilliance and the heat that they have drunk in from the southern sun from the time that the twin daggers of their seed leaves shot up through the soil.

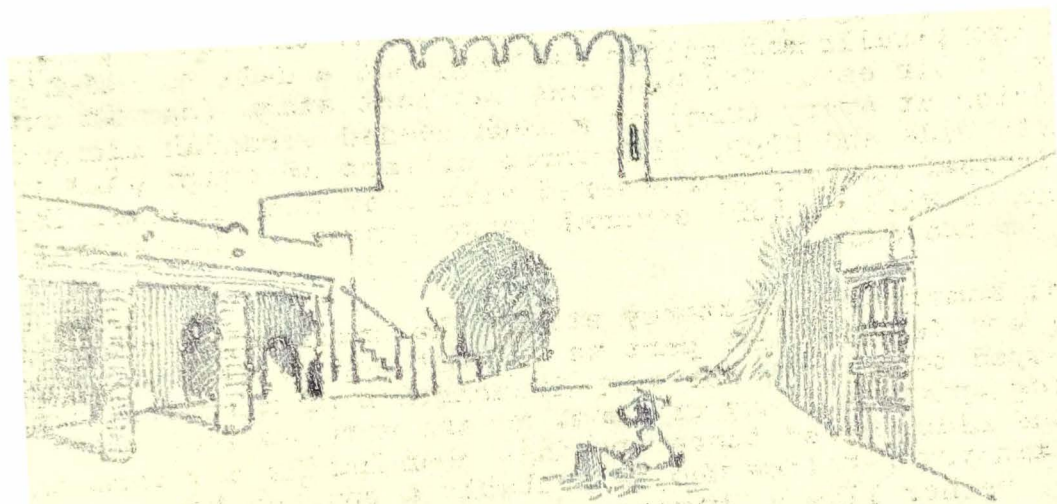
March 4th.

It is not to be wondered at that the powers of darkness have begun to rise to contest advance: one knows they must contest it if real. There has been a sense of burden these last days, and outwardly the misgiving has been confirmed by the sudden falling off in the number of visitors and the sound of voices in discussion together outside our windows, where two old Corinthian capitals (relics of the North African Church of long ago) form favourite seats, round which the loungers cluster and discourse evermore.

A new set of men, young and middleaged, have appeared today, in a more or less combative spirit, not unfriendly but very different from the eager listeners of the past weeks, and the small boys who have been troublesome of late, have been pushing under the door little crosses made ingeniously of split palm sticks. Poor little Moslem lads "they know not what they do."

March 11th.

Meanwhile outward life, with its "Martha" side, is full, specially for B.G.L.H. We have had a series of 3 "Gibeonites", who soon got tired of the unaccustomed strenuousness of working at the same jobs every day. Now final-



View Toward Court with the open Wazir-dish.

The upright line in the porch, to
the left, is the reading room door.

ly, that part of the problem has been solved by the return of Ibrahim, a dear little houseboy of former days, brother of Ma Negeddshe, who is his attendant shadow. Alongside daily provision for household necessities, she, B.G.L.H., has been getting all ready for the future: the reading room looks lovely with its snowy walls and golden matting, and a dais on which the readers can perch at their ease. Now has come the last stage (carried out with toilsome supervision at every turn) of a much needed verandah along the sunny side of the court, wide and high, with three pillars of rough palm trunks, roofed with their leaf stalks, and covered with clay and plaster. This will enable work to go on with comfort several weeks longer in the spring than could otherwise be the case.

March 18th.

The spiritual atmosphere is stormy still: the small boys have been stopped from coming, and for the most part we are not sorry, for, led on by a certain little one-eyed tormentor, the very incarnation of mischief, there has been a bad mocking spirit in many of them. We are more anxious as to the holding through of the older ones: there are days when hardly any come unless escorted by a certain young fellow who is probably a spy. He has a curious inscrutable face, rather like a Chinese, with half shut eyes. Then again, to our joy there will be a visit from one or another of those with whom God is working, and we see them drinking draughts of His living Water, in a way that comforts our own souls to their depths. New ones have been added to their number even in these last days.

March 28th.

Our time is up: so we hear today. It is sad to leave these souls: Algiers is so far, and the future so uncertain. And yet we see how by God's over-ruling it may prove best to trust them to Him just now. These two months have se

proved His care over His precious seed in the past; for those over whom we have rejoiced in the sight of its upspringing, have in every instance carried it hidden in their hearts from the sowing of former days. In some cases it was years since they had had the word or the Gospel that first moved them, & yet the life germ had not perished. We can only pray now that He will bring to us in the few days that are left us here, each one of these, and may give them in power the last messages from His Word. After that His Spirit remains among them: we will not fear!

March 30th.

And today, like a new leaf-bud set in the axil of the leaf that falls, has come a joyful link for the future - our first woman visitor. The house door opens on the market place, and is out of bounds for the town's women, and when work opens among them another entrance will have to be made from the back of the court. But this was an elderly village woman, come for miles with a load of clumsy clay cooking pots for sale. B.G.L.H. bought her whole stock and got her some coffee, and with the relief from her burden and the sense of being loved, she thawed and thawed, and told us all her story, and listened dimly to a few words about the sin burden that was heavier than her pots. Then she took B.G.L.H.'s hand and broke out "I will come and live with you - I shall look out always at this door to see it open again" and the old face shone.

One after another those have come in these days whom we specially wanted to see, among the last a soul in radiant, rippling joy over God's great Salvation. The only missing face has been that of a dear fellow, the brightest and most fearless of them all at first, who must, we think, have been frightened away.

And the last bit of God's promise for the days to come cheered our hearts

this morning, when all was over, only an hour or two before the train's start, two of those who had been coming singly, at last, met each other. It was good to watch the flash of surprise, recognition, gladness in their greeting and to see how this first linking was wrought with no touch of ours, and at the very end.

The little figure of Ma Negeddshe waving to us from outside the station, was the last visible link with all the friends left behind, and then a strange peace, almost joy, settled down on us, and the certainty of one of God's sequels worth waiting for, as they have always been in the past, when our ways have been swept off the lines on which we counted.

And there is such a rest in the fact that each one in whom we have seen the Spirit working can read for himself. "Is there all I need to know in this?" asked one of them wistfully over his Testament this morning. How gladly we could answer "Yes, all"

* * * * *

P.S. July 5th.

The sequel is well on its way, as the next journal will shew: it is too long a story to be included here, for paper shortage involves shortened pages. The same reason prevents the issue this year of a printed Report: we hope to send out one six months hence, covering the two years 1916-17.

Mrs Pradig. Outram Lodge. Outram Rd. Croyd.

Miss Gatorin - Highcroft - Stanhope Rd - Croyd

Miss Kathleen A. Taylor - Tregarra - Melville Avenue - Croyd.

Miss Mortimer - 30 Graven Road - Newbury.

Mrs Bird. 20 Bundoran Road. Aigburth - Liverpool

back to Mrs Pradig